



#1
\$3.99

Emily

AND the Strangers



Rob Reger
Mariah Huehner
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Emily[®] AND the Strangers^{RS}

#1 of 3



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MY MIND IS
A TERRIBLE
THING TO
WASTE.

WHICH IS WHY
I CRAM IT WITH
ODDS, ENDS, AND
ALL THE BEST KIND
OF BRAIN JUNK.

UNFORTUNATELY,
TODAY I'M HAVING
THE DRAPPLIEST
DAY EVER.

NOT 'CAUSE I
DON'T HAVE ANY
IDEAS. THAT'D
BE EASY.

TODAY, I HAVE
TOO MANY.

MY TIME
MACHINE, FOR
INSTANCE,
IS ZORKED.

IT WORKS, JUST NOT
HOW IT'S SUPPOSED TO.
IT SHOULD BE A WAY-
WAY-BACK MACHINE...

...BUT IT JUST DISAPPEARS
AND REAPPEARS EVERY FIVE
SECONDS. IMPOSSIBLE
TO FIX UNLESS IT STOPS.

THEN THERE WERE MY
CALCULATIONS ON THE
"EVERYTHING SHOULD
BE BLUE" THEOREM,
WHICH SHOULD HAVE
BEEN SIMPLE ENOUGH...

...BUT IT KEEPS
TURNING THINGS
PINK INSTEAD.

I JUST
WANT TO COME UP
WITH A REALLY **BIG**
IDEA. SOMETHING SO
INSANE, SO ZORKING
AMAZING, IT WOULD
TAKE OVER THE
WORLD.

OR AT
LEAST KEEP
ME BUSY FOR
A FEW DAYS.



IF THIS
DOESN'T
WORK...



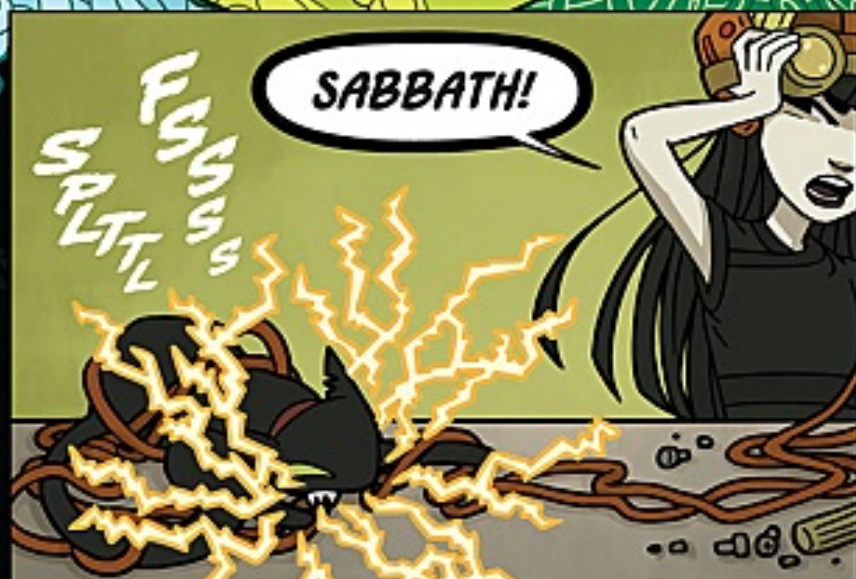
...I'LL
HAVE TO
START
ASKING
THE CATS
FOR
IDEAS.



SO GIMME
SOMETHING
TOASTY, BRAIN
SCRAMBLER.

OOH...

FRRRZZ



SABBATH!



GREAT,
ANOTHER
COMPLETE
ZORKING
FAILURE.



YOU'RE
GONNA END
UP FRIED ONE
OF THESE
DAYS, CAT.

MAKE
YOURSELF
USEFUL AND
HELP ME, OR
SCRAM.



AND
WHY DID IT
SHOW ME AN
OCTOPUS?

I ALREADY
HAVE ONE, AND
I MADE THAT
CEPHALOPODACULAR
LAST MONTH...



HM. MAYBE
IF I TWEAK THE
WAVEFORMS I CAN
HACK INTO A
SATELLITE.

ALWAYS
WANTED TO
KNOW WHAT
THEY TALK
ABOUT ON
JUPITER...

...AND IF
I CAN TAP INTO
THE ZAPS FROM
THESE ELECTRIC
JELLIES...



JUST A
FEW MORE
ADJUSTMENTS
AND THEN--



FOR THE
LOVE OF
PHYSICS--

SABBATH,
I DUNNO WHAT
TO DO WITH
YOU.

GOTTA
CLEAN THIS
MESS UP BEFORE
IT CRAWLS
AWAY...



OKAY, OVER THERE, AND THEN THE COMPRESSORS SHOULD BE PILED HERE...

...AND MAKE SURE YOU FIND ALL THE WINGNUTS AND SLAM BOLTS...

...THINK THAT'S EVERYTHING. I WONDER IF...



--THAT'S RIGHT, THREE FULL HOURS OF PROFESSA KRAKEN'S FINAL ALBUM, THE END IS BEAUTIFUL, COMING UP NEXT!



LOTS OF MYSTERY STILL SURROUNDS HIS DEATH, AND WE HAVE A VERY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT COMING UP AFTER THIS ROCKIN' BLOCK. THIS IS DJ ECLECTIC! STAY TUNED!

♪ ON THE SHORES OF A...DISTANT CITY... I...WAS STRANGER THAN... THE STRANGE... ♪

GOOD CALL, SABBATH.

PROFESSA KRAKEN IS THE BEST MUSICIAN OF ALL TIME. PERFECT TO GET THE CREATIVE JUICES FLOWING.

♪...FLY DOWN...
FLY DOWN...
STRAIGHT INTO
THE BLUE...♪

YOU KNOW,
THEY SAY THAT
PROFESSA K "DIED"
UNDER BIZARRE
CIRCUMSTANCES.

THEY SAY
THIS ALBUM HOLDS
THE SECRET OF
WHERE HE **REALLY**
WENT.

WISH I
COULD'VE
MET HIM.

♪...SO WE END AND WE BEGIN...
BUT THE BEAT NEVER DIES...♪

AND THAT'S THE END
OF THE INEFFABLE PROFESSA
KRACKEN'S FINAL ALBUM!

NOW, OUR SPECIAL
ANNOUNCEMENT!

WE HAPPEN TO HAVE, IN
OUR HOT LITTLE HANDS,
THE HAUNTED GUITAR OF
PROFESSA K HIMSELF!

WHAT'S MORE, WE'RE
HOLDING A CONTEST FOR ALL
YOU BUDDING ROCK GODS
AND GODDETTES. SEND US A
TAPE OF YOUR BEST, MOST
ROCKIN' SONG BY THIS FRIDAY
THE THIRTEENTH, AND I WILL
PERSONALLY SELECT THE WINNING
ENTRY THIRTEEN DAYS LATER. IF
YOU WIN, YOU'LL GET YOUR PAWS
ON THE GREATEST GUITAR OF ALL
TIME! IF YOU LOSE, WELL,
TOUGH LUCK.

THAT
GUITAR IS
SO MINE.

OKAY,
YOU LOT.

THIS IS
WHAT WE'RE
GONNA
DO...

"FIRST, WE NEED TO
FURTHER MODIFY THE
EZ LISTENING DEVICE.

"THE OLD-TIMEY
CAR HORN KEEPS
MALFUNCTIONING, AND
THE ZEPHYR TUBES KEEP
BUBBLING WHEN THEY
SHOULD HUM.

"I CAN FIX THE REEL-LIFE
PROJECTOR FLUTE IF YOU
RUN ACROSS THE KEYS
AND UNSTICK 'EM...

CAT-CLAW
CELLO

MOTIVATION

CAT LEAP
ACTIVATED

DRUMS

TOO
LOUD

TAIL-ACTIVATED
CYMBALS

EFFECTS
WHEEL

DETACH-
ABLE
VOX
MAKER

490.013 N MAXIMUM
COMPRESSION FORCE

VORPAL PEDAL

EZ LISTENING DEVICE

DATE: 2012.07.13

PATENT: 113.0013ETS

VERSION: 13.0

WHISKER
HARP

TRUMPETS

SPRING-LOADED
DANGLE TOY
MODULATOR

*
COVER
EARS
THIS
LOCATION

FELINE AIR
COMPRESSOR

"...AND I'LL NEED SOMEONE
TO CRAWL INTO THE FAR-OUT
PHONOGRAPH AND RESET THE
SCRATCHER WITH THEIR CLAWS."

ORGANIC KEYBOARD

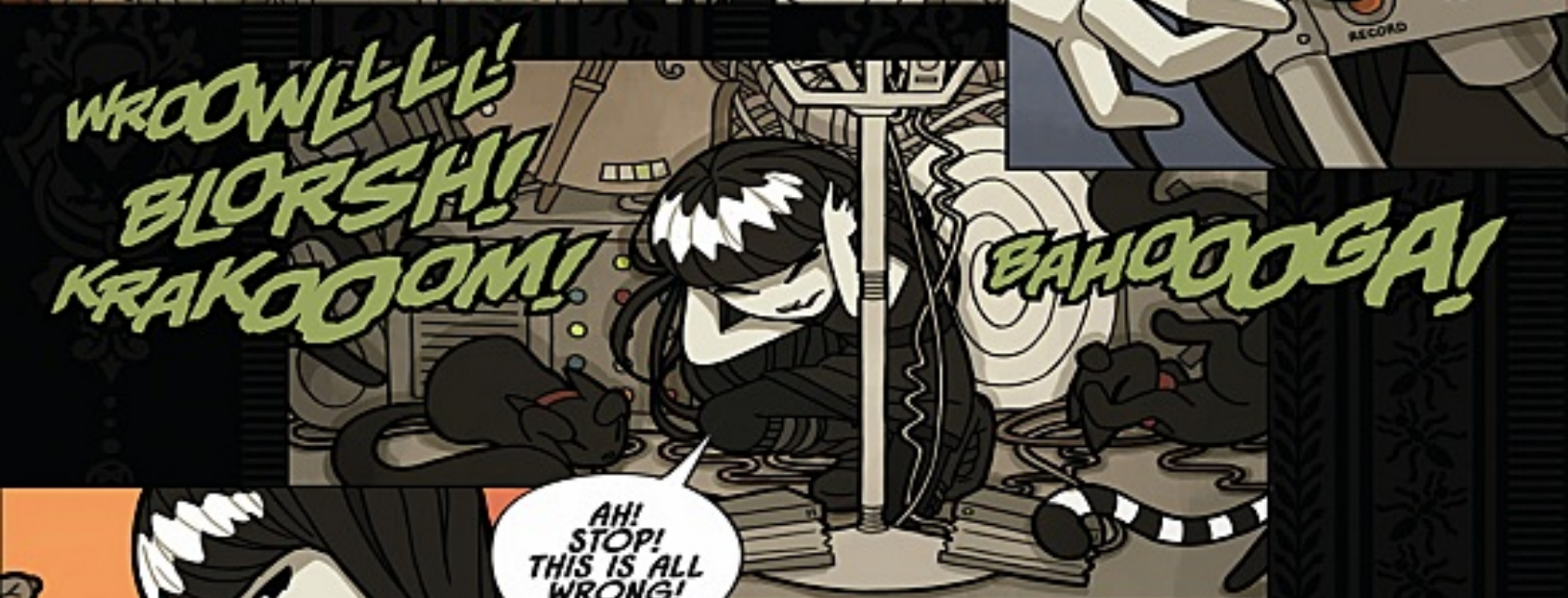
"I'LL HANDLE THE REST.
ALMOST GOT IT..."

CENTRAL
CONTROLLER

SCALE: 1IN =

- (C1) 100V 11 60Hz
- (C2) 100V 11 60Hz
- (C3) 100V 11 60Hz
- (C4) 100V 11 60Hz







KRASSSHH!

BLAMBOTS
SWERZERKIT
PIANO!

WHAT...
WHAT WAS
THAT?

OH...
NO...

OKAY,
GOTTA TAKE
STOCK.

CATS
GONE MAD,
CHECK.

LAB A
MESS FROM
SOME KIND OF
CAT PARTY,
CHECK.

EVERYTHING
WILL BE FINE...THE
TAPES WILL BE FINE...
THE TAPES *HAVE* TO
BE FINE...

...OR
SPECTACULARLY
NOT.

FLABBERFARK!
I HAVE TO BE
AT THE STUDIO
IN THIRTEEN
MINUTES!

WHEN I
GET BACK, CATS,
WE ARE HAVING
A *SERIOUS* TALK
ABOUT WHAT'S
MINE--AND WHAT'S
ALSO MINE.

WHAT IS THIS, SOME KINDA CAT MARDI GRAS?

OUT. ALL OF YOU. OUT.

HOW MANY OF YOU ARE IN HERE, ANYWAY?

AH, DUCT TAPE, THE DIY-ER'S SILVERY SAVIOR.

NEVER MIND. NO TIME.



"LIKE THE WIND, EMILY. BE THE SKATEBOARD."

ALMOST THERE! I'M GONNA MAKE IT!

THIRTEEN SECONDS LEFT!

C'MON, BOARD, JUST A LITTLE-- HEY!

SKREECH!



WHOA!
WHERE'D THE
GROUND
GO?

STUPID
TRUCK!



DRAPPLES!



OW.

OOOF
WHAT A
YARD SALE.

WHERE'S
MY TAPE? IT
CAN'T HAVE
WALKED
AWAY...

NO TAPE-
EATING MONSTERS IN
SIGHT. NO RAVENING
ZOMBIE HORDES. THAT
HORRIBLE TRUCK
MUST'VE CRUSHED
IT.

ALL THAT
WORK...FOR
NOTHING.





...A **TOTAL** DISASTER, SABBATH. NEXT TIME YOU TRY FOR THE WORLD'S LARGEST CAT "DOGPILE," DO IT **OUTSIDE**.

MAN...I REALLY WANTED THAT HAUNTED GUITAR...

STILL, PLENTY TO DO!

ONLY THOUGHT ABOUT THAT TENTACULAR GUITAR FIVE TIMES TODAY.

SOON, I WON'T THINK ABOUT IT AT ALL.

STILL NEVER QUITE GOT THE SOUND RIGHT...

CLIK

→ZARRRRPPPP←
→ZZZZSSSCH←
...STRANGER...

AND NOW IT'S TIME TO PLAY THE WINNING PROFESSA KRACKEN CONTEST SONG!

→ZZARRR←---BY---→ZRRRK←
EMILY THE---→ZVVVKK←---
AND---→ZZZZZSKKK←

♪EVERYBODY'S TRYIN'
TO GET MY ATTENTION♪

♪BUT I'M UPSTAIRS WITH
MY NEW INVENTION...♪

THAT'S... MY SONG!

BUT THE MIX SOUNDS... DIFFERENT.

SOMETHING IN THE BACKGROUND... WHAT IS THAT?

AND NOW THE FINE PRINT!
TO CLAIM PROFESSA
KRACKEN'S HAUNTED
GUITAR, YOU AND
YOUR BAND MUST BE
REGISTERED FOR THE
UPCOMING MEGA
HUGE BAND
BATTLE, AND

WHATEVER.
I GOTTA
GET THAT
GUITAR!

HELLO?
ANYONE
THERE?

I'M EMILY. I
WON THE PROFESSA
KRAKEN CONTEST.
I'M HERE TO
COLLECT.

COME ON
BACK, PLEASE,
MS. STRANGE.

JUST
DOWN
THE
HALL.

YOU SOUND
DIFFERENT ON
THE RADIO, DJ
ECLECTIC.

WHAT'S
GOING
ON?

DJ E
LIKES TO BE
HEARD AND
NOT SEEN.

I'M
EVAN. THE
INTERN.

I'M THE
ONE WHO...
FOUND YOUR
TAPE.

WHERE'S THE
GUITAR?

RIGHT
HERE, OF
COURSE.

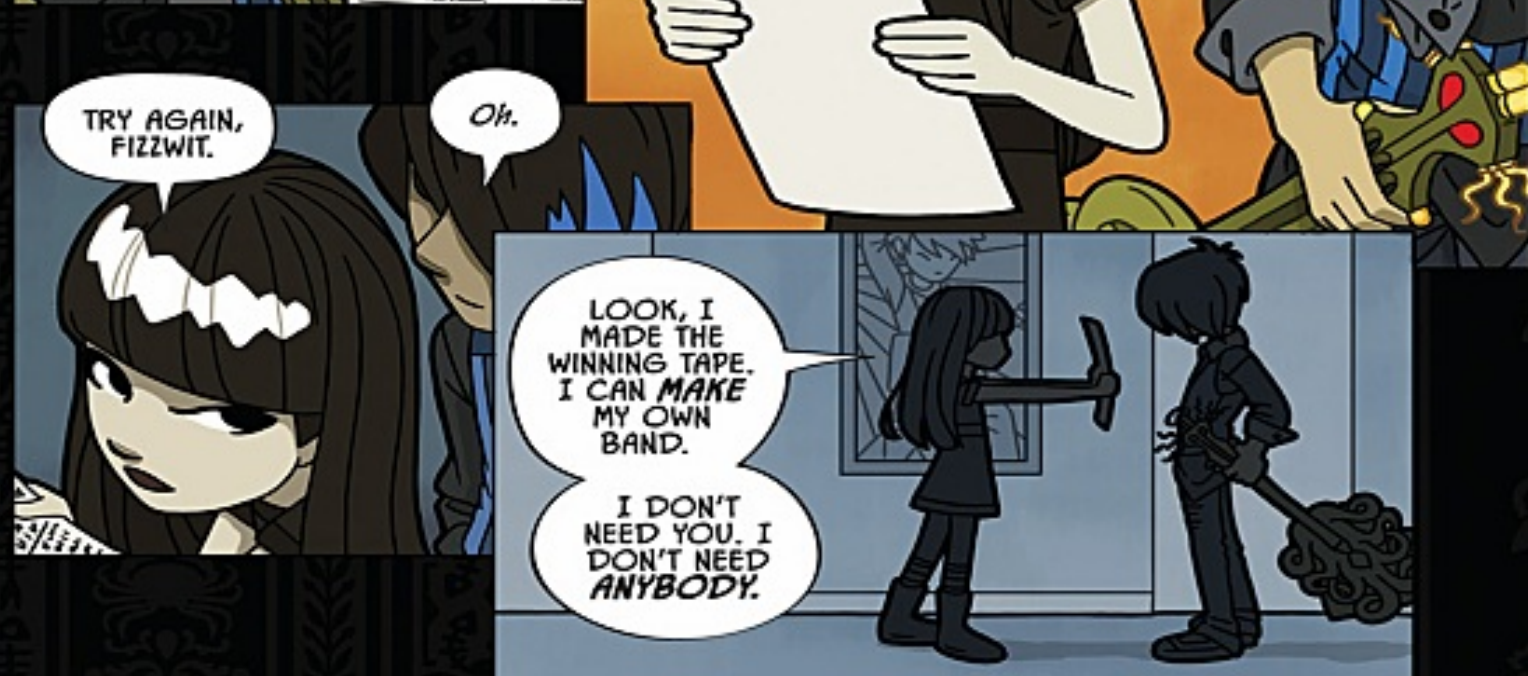
OH.
WOW.

YOURS,
FAIR AND...

...WELL...
NOT SQUARE,
EXACTLY, BUT DJ
PICKED YOUR
SONG OUT OF
DOZENS.

IT WAS LIKE IT
WAS HUMMING
TO ME, WITH
A WARM,
CRACKLY,
SPARKLEVASTIC
VOICE.

IT MADE THE HAIRS ON
MY ARMS STAND UP.
IT WAS BEAUTIFUL.





I WANT TO
KNOW **EXACTLY**
WHAT YOU DID TO
MY TAPE. **NOW.**

SURE--
I'LL SHOW
YOU.

IT WAS THIS.
I JUST TWEAKED
IT A BIT IN THE
MIX.

I'VE BEEN
PLAYING SINCE
I WAS THREE.

YEAH?
THEN PLAY
SOMETHIN' FOR
ME. PLAY...

...CHOPIN'S
NOCTURNE.

WHICH
ONE?

ALL OF
THEM.

THERE
ARE
**TWENTY-
ONE.**

IT STARTED OFF CLASSIC,
PRECISE, AND **BORING.**

BUT THEN HE DID
SOMETHING--STARTED
RIFING WITHOUT
LOSING THE THREAD
OF THE ORIGINAL.

YEP. GET
CRACKIN',
MAESTRO.



HUCKBATS.
HE WAS **GOOD**.

WHAT
DO YOU
THINK?

NOT BAD.
MAYBE IT COULD
WORK. WITH SOME
DIRECTION.

MY FAMILY
IS BIG INTO
MUSIC. BUT
ONLY **THE**
CLASSICS.

"I USED TO
LOVE IT, BECAUSE
I LOVE MUSIC."

"MY WHOLE
LIFE, THEY'VE
GROOMED
ME TO BE THIS
CONCERT
PIANIST."

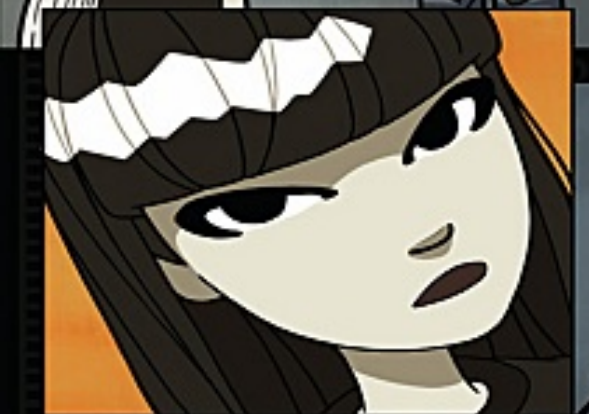
"BUT THEY DON'T
APPRECIATE IT WHEN
I CHANGE. THEY JUST
WANT A PERFECT COPY
OF THE ORIGINAL."

"AND THAT'S
JUST NOT ME.
ANYMORE."

"THEN, ONE
DAY, I SAW IT.
A **GUITAR**.
SOMETHING
ABOUT IT JUST
CALLED TO ME."

"I KNEW THEN
THAT I WANTED
TO ROCK. THAT
I **HAD TO**."

WHEN I
HEARD YOUR
SONG I KNEW
YOU WERE THE
SAME WAY.



To Be Continued...

THE STRANGE EXCHANGE

Salutations, Strangers!

Happy New Year! How's 2013 treating you so far? I'm pretty excited about it, although I'm still trying to figure out how to pull off a 13/13/13 party when there are only twelve months. There's gotta be an extra lying around somewhere. Let me know if you see it.

But the best thing about a new year—and the dark dismal heart of January—is that it's perfect weather for staying in to check out the cool new stuff we've got flying around Emily Central (and no, I don't mean the cats, although I will be having a serious talk with whoever gave them those jetpacks). And you've already got a head start, 'cause you've stumbled across the sweetest new piece of 2013: this brand new Emily series—the first ever in full color!—with a brand new cowriter (the marvelous Mariah Huehner), a brand new artist (the excellent—and eponymous—Emily Ivie), and a brand new editor (Hil). There's some rad new swag, too—variant covers and pull-out posters by rock-poster legends R. Black, Winston Smith, and Cynthia von Buhler—and a new supporting cast (you'll meet most of them next issue).

Because it's a new series, we've only got one letter this go 'round—but if you're only going to have one, this is the one to have:

Emily,

The people are waiting to hear your music! The immortal words of Count Dracula—"I've got rock 'n' roll

in my blood"—come to mind, because you have talent, and because you remind me of Dracula. Don't let critics stop you from being you, and setting fire to the world with your . . . music. Yes, definitely your music. Don't use anything else to set fire to the world, because that would be really bad. Anyway, I've seen some of your promotional posters (cleverly marketed as "covers" for comic books) and they are amazing, just like you! So keep rockin'!

Your fan,
Reed Beebe
Kansas City, Missouri

Reed, have you by any chance been listening to Dracula: The Rock Opera?

There is a suspicious dearth of built-in pyrotechnics in Emily's musical gear this series. My theory is that she's saving 'em for the tour (that is, if she can play well with others long enough to make it that far, which is far from a sure thing)—but only Rob, Mariah, and Emily I. know for sure.

Those posters might be my favorite part of the series, but then, there's Emily I.'s impossibly gorgeous art, and Rob and Mariah's story, and the main covers, and . . .

Huckbats, I like this comic book. And it only gets better from here: Next issue, you'll finally get to meet Winston, and Willow, and Raven, and you'll never believe what they . . .

. . . Well, you'll see. Gotta save something for February!

Meanwhile, drop us a line to let us know what you think of Emily's new look—or send us

your best Emily and the Strangers poster design!

Rock On,

Rebel

Rachel Edidin, Editor



Meet the band in
EMILY AND THE STRANGERS #2
ON SALE 2/27/2013.

WRITE TO US AT:
strangeexchange
@darkhorse.com

The Strange Exchange
10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222



#2

Emily

AND the Strangers



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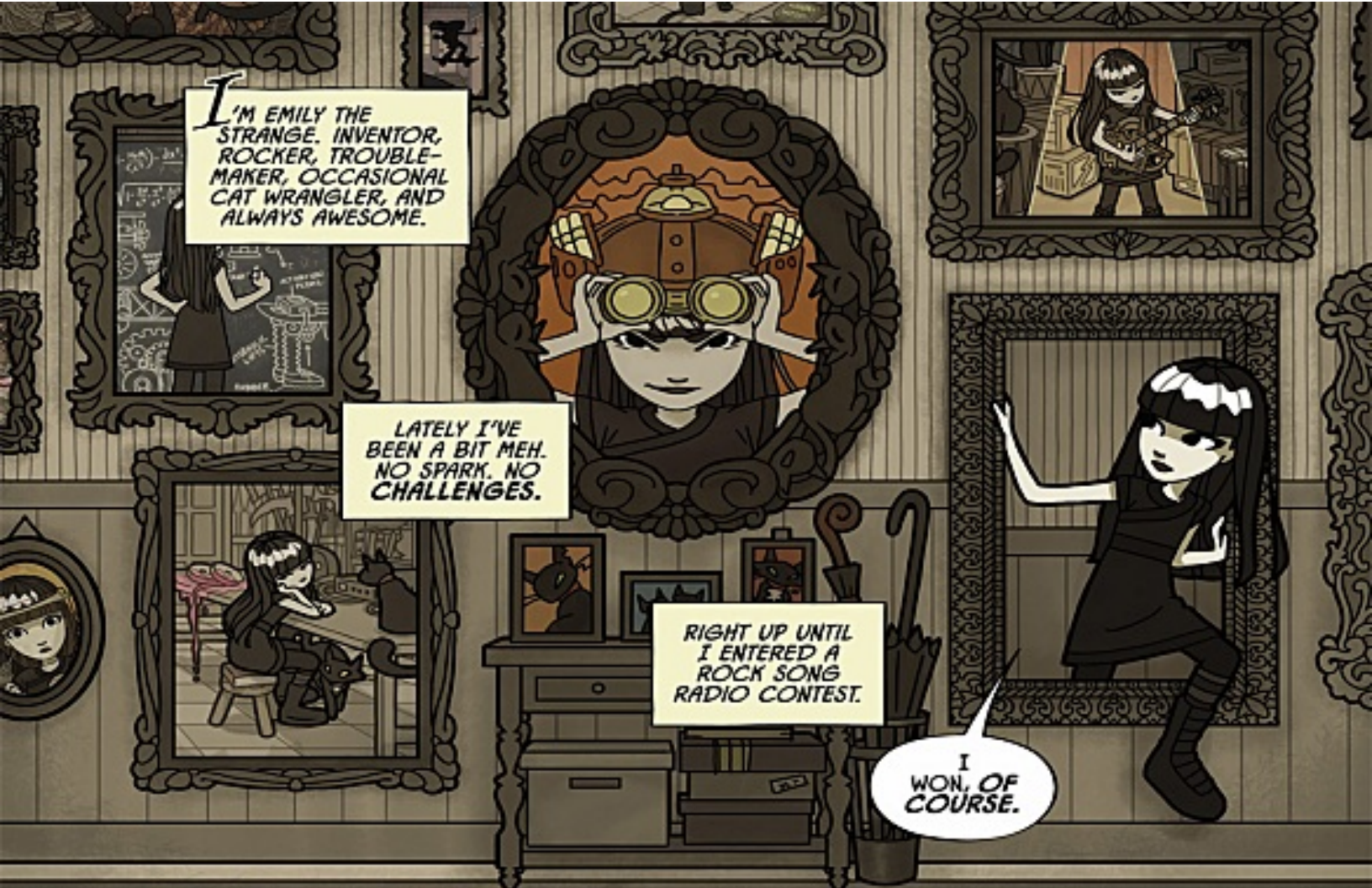
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I'M EMILY THE STRANGE, INVENTOR, ROCKER, TROUBLE-MAKER, OCCASIONAL CAT WRANGLER, AND ALWAYS AWESOME.

LATELY I'VE BEEN A BIT MEH. NO SPARK. NO CHALLENGES.

RIGHT UP UNTIL I ENTERED A ROCK SONG RADIO CONTEST.

I WON, OF COURSE.



THE PRIZE WAS THE GUITAR OF MUSIC LEGEND PROFESSA KRACKEN. AN IDOL OF MINE.



TYPICALLY, THERE WAS A SNAG. THIS TIME IT WAS THIS GUY, EVAN STRANGER.

IN ORDER TO KEEP THE GUITAR, I GOTTA FORM A BAND. WITH HIM.



I GUESS IT'S TIME TO FIND OUT IF I CAN PLAY WELL WITH OTHERS...



IF YOU CATS
HAD OPPOSABLE
THUMBS, *YOU'D*
BE CLEANING UP
THIS MESS.

BUT I
WANT THIS
DONE
FAST.

ZZZZP!

THIS WHOLE
FLABBERFARKING
THING IS *YOUR*
FAULT, Y'KNOW.

AND NOW
I HAVE TO GET
THIS SORTED
BEFORE BAND
PRACTICE.

WITH MY
NEW ZORKING
BAND.



DONE!
GET IN THERE,
SCRUBBOT.



DRAPPLES!
TIME FOR BAND
PRACTICE.

NEECHEE,
YOU'RE IN CHARGE.
DON'T MAKE ME
REGRET IT.



PROFESSA
KRAKEN'S GUITAR
HUMS EVEN WHEN
NO ONE IS
PLAYING IT.

IT'S ALMOST
LIKE IT'S ALIVE.



GOTTA MAKE
SURE EVAN
UNDERSTANDS
I'M IN CHARGE.
HE SEEMS LIKE THE
BOSSY TYPE.

HUH.
MORE
STRAYS.



THIS IS
GETTING WEIRD.
WHERE ARE ALL
YOU FUZZBALLS
COMING
FROM?

AND NOW
I'M LATE!
HUCKBATS!

WHATEVER.
IT'S NOT LIKE
THEY CAN START
WITHOUT ME.



WHOA.





THAT'S
MORE
LIKE IT.

BAND
PRACTICE

MAYBE THIS
WON'T TOTALLY
SUCK.

YO.
WHERE DO
I SET UP?

EMILY!
IT'S SO COOL
TO MEET YOU! I'M
WILLOW, AND THIS
IS MY BROTHER,
WINSTON.

GLAD
YOU COULD
MAKE IT.

WE LOVED
YOUR SONG. I
CAN'T WAIT TO GET
STARTED. DO YOU
LIKE BILLIE HOLIDAY?
I THOUGHT
MAYBE--

WILLOW,
GIVE HER A
CHANCE TO
SETTLE.

RIGHT,
RIGHT,
SORRY!

DO YOU
HAVE ANY
IDEA WHAT
TIME IT IS?



I THINK WE
NEED TO KEEP THIS
SIMPLE. WE DON'T NEED
ANY FANCY GADGETS
OR WHATEVER *THAT*
THING IS.

WHY DON'T
YOU RELAX FOR
A SEC AND LET
ME DO MY
THING?

WHAT IS
YOUR "THING,"
EXACTLY?

ROCKIN'
OUT.

DID YOU
MISS THE
MEMO?

WE NEED
A LITTLE MORE
TO WORK WITH
THAN THAT.

JUST TRY
AND KEEP UP,
OKAY?

WHAT DO
YOU THINK, SHOULD
I GO ARMSTRONG,
DIZZY? MAYBE BIG BAND
CALLOWAY?

EH, ALL
SOUNDS THE
SAME TO ME.

WINSTON,
THAT'S RIDICULOUS.
HOW WOULD YOU
FEEL IF I TOLD YOU
ALL YOUR STUFF
SOUNDS LIKE
NOISE?

STOKED!

NOT
HELPING.



Several (frustrating)
hours later...

WE SOUND
KINDA...UM...
DISJOINTED?

UNDERSTATEMENT
OF THE ZORKING
CENTURY.

THIS
WOULDN'T
BE A PROBLEM
IF WE HAD A
PLAN.

ANY **MORE**
GREAT IDEAS,
EMILY?

YEAH,
ONE.

SINCE
YOU'RE SO
PERFECT, DO
THIS ON YOUR
OWN.

**I'M
OUT.**

I
SHOULD'VE
KNOWN THIS
WAS A
MISTAKE...

NICE ONE,
DUDE...

WHAT A
ZORKDRAPPING
WASTE OF
TIME.

MR. STICK-
UP-HIS-FIZZWIT
WOULDN'T KNOW
ROCK IF IT
SMACKED HIM
UPSIDE THE
HEAD.

Scratch THIS



I BET NO ONE EVER
TOLD **PROFESSA KRAKEN**
HE NEEDED A "PLAN."

THEY JUST
DON'T GET IT.



EMILY?
LONG TIME,
NO SEE!

RAVEN??



WHOA.
BLAST FROM
THE PAST.





IT'S
BEEN A
WHILE.

I HEARD
YOUR SONG
ON THE RADIO.
PRETTY
ROCKIN'.

HAVE
YOUR BAND
TOGETHER
YET?

RAVEN WAS MY FIRST
AND LAST EXPERIMENT WITH
MAKIN' A HUMANISH BOT.

DIDN'T QUITE GO
THE WAY I WANTED.



SHE'S CHANGED.
SHE USED TO BE SO...
WELL...MACHINE.

WELL...
SORT OF...
NO.



I KNOW
THAT LOOK.
C'MON, LET'S
GET SOME
COFFEE. I'LL
BUY.

I GUESS
I CAN SPARE
A MINUTE.



THIS DAY JUST
KEEPS GETTING
STRANGER.



WHEN I WAS WITH YOU, I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT I WAS DOING, ALL THE TIME.

BECAUSE YOU PROGRAMMED ME TO DO WHATEVER YOU WANTED DONE.



WELL, YEAH. THAT WAS WHY I **MADE** YOU. TO DO THE STUFF I DIDN'T WANT TO.

"SCARIEST THING I EVER DID WAS WALK OUT THAT DOOR."



"NOT THAT YOU SEEMED TO NOTICE."

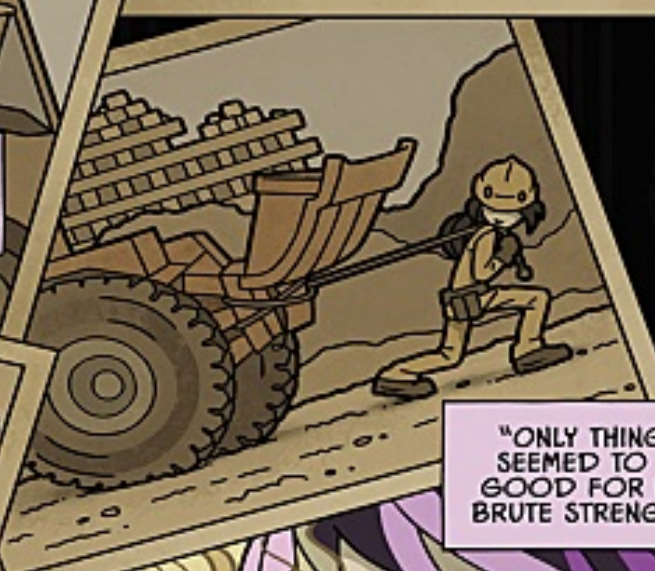
"WELL, I WAS BUSY..."



"I TOOK A LOT OF ODD JOBS."



"NOTHING EVER FELT, YOU KNOW, *RIGHT*."



"ONLY THING I SEEMED TO BE GOOD FOR WAS BRUTE STRENGTH."



BUT THEN I FOUND **THIS** PLACE.

AND I REMEMBERED ALL THE MUSIC YOU USED TO PLAY IN THE LAB.

SO I STARTED WORKING HERE, AND I SAVED UP ENOUGH FOR A DRUM SET...

WHAT AM I,
THE HOME
FOR MISFIT
MUSICIANS?

I GET IT.
YOU WANT
IN ON MY
BAND.

I DUNNO.
I'VE GOT MY
HANDS FULL
WITH THAT
LOT.

WELL,
YEAH. UNLESS
YOU HAVE A
DRUMMER
ALREADY.

BESIDES,
WOULDN'T IT
BE NICE TO
WORK TOGETHER
AGAIN?

THEY'RE
A MEGA-
DISASTER.

ZORK. SHE HAS A POINT. I
DIDN'T PROGRAM HER FOR THAT.

MAYBE
YOU'RE NOT
GIVING THEM A
FAIR SHOT.

WELL, IT
WAS ONLY
A FEW
HOURS...

...MAYBE
THEY'VE PULLED
THEMSELVES
TOGETHER BY
NOW.

YOU
CAN COME
WITH, I GUESS.
WE COULD USE
A DRUMMER WITH
YOUR...SPECIAL
SKILLS.

GREAT!
I'LL GET
MY KIT.

**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

UMM...

WOW.

DUDE...

WE
OBVIOUSLY
NEEDED A
DRUMMER.
SO I GOT
ONE.

HI! I'M
WILLOW.
AND YOU
ARE?

RAVEN.
FORMER
ASSISTANT-BOT.
CURRENT
DRUMMER.

COOL!
I *KNEW*
EMILY WAS JUST
OUT GETTING US
SOME MORE HELP.
COME IN! LET'S
GET YOU
SET UP.

LOOK,
EMILY...

I KNOW
EVAN CAN COME
ON TOO STRONG,
BUT HE MEANS
WELL.

THIS BAND
THING REALLY
MEANS A LOT.
TO ALL OF
US.





I CAN FEEL
THE THRUMMING
OF THE GUITAR
RIGHT ON UP
TO THE ROOTS
IN MY HAIR.

IT'S LIKE THE
PROFESSA'S IN
THE ROOM.

I CATCH THE
BEAT, THE WAVE.
THE MUSIC IS
EVERYWHERE.



IN MY GROOVE.
IN THE ZONE.

WAIT...

I'M LOSING IT.
WHAT'S THAT
ZORKING SOUND?

SOMETHING
IS VERY
WRONG HERE.

THIS ISN'T
MUSIC. IT'S
JUST NOISE.



I CAN
SEE IT
NOW.

THE
BATTLE
OF THE
BANDS.



ALL THOSE
PEOPLE.
LOOKING
AT US.

LOOKING
AT ME.

WHAT IF I
FREEZE?

WORSE...



WHAT IF WE
JUST PLAIN
OLD SUCK?



STOP!!!



WHAT?

WHY?!
THAT WAS
AWESOME!

WE WERE
JUST TRYING
TO...

...FOLLOW
YOUR
LEAD...



I HATE TO
POINT OUT THE
OBVIOUS HERE,
BUT NO ONE
ELSE'S NOTICED
WE SOUND
AWFUL?

LIKE, WHAT
HUCKBATTING
SONG ARE YOU
GUYS PLAYING??
NOT **MINE**,
THAT'S FOR
SURE.

EVAN, YOU
SOUND LIKE
YOU'RE AT SOME
BORING OLD
RECITAL.



WE ALL
GET IT, YOU'RE
THE SUPER PERFECT
PIANO GUY. BUT ON
THE GUITAR, IT'S LIKE
YOU'RE JUST GOING
THROUGH THE
MOTIONS.



AND
WINSTON, I
DIG PUNK TOO,
BUT YOU'RE ON
SOME OTHER
PLANET.

IT CAN'T
JUST BE NOISE.
IT HAS TO **DO**
SOMETHING.



IF YOU WANT TO BE A **REAL** MUSICIAN, RAVEN, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO STOP PLAYING LIKE YOU'RE STILL A TOASTER.

AND WILLOW, I DON'T EVEN KNOW **WHAT** TO SAY TO YOU BECAUSE I CAN'T **HEAR** YOU OVER ANYONE ELSE.

WE'RE A **ROCK BAND**, NOT SMOOTH JAZZ.



WHY DID I AGREE TO THIS? I **KNEW** IT WOULD BE A DISASTER.

IT'S LIKE HERDING **CATS**, ONLY AT LEAST CATS ARE USEFUL. **SOMETIMES.**

WE'RE JUST NOT COMPATIBLE. I SHOULD'VE STUCK IT OUT ON MY **OWN.**

YOU GUYS JUST HAVE TO GET BETTER. **NOW.**

MAYBE IT'S YOU WHO NEEDS TO WORK ON YOUR **TUNE.**

WHAT?





WE DON'T
NEED PRACTICE.
I MEAN, WE *DO*
NEED PRACTICE, BUT
FIRST, WE HAVE TO PULL
IT TOGETHER--AND I
KNOW JUST HOW
TO DO IT.

WHAT
WE NEED IS
TO GO BACK
TO OUR
ROOTS.

WE
NEED...



"...PROFESSA
KRAKEN."

To Be Continued...

THE STRANGE EXCHANGE

Olé, Oddballs!

So, where do you put the odds on the Strangers lasting through issue three? Of course, I could tell you, but then I'd have to kill you—and if I did that, who'd be left to read the comic? It's the worst kind of conundrum!

Homicide aside, what did you think of the rest of the band? I love 'em all, but I'm particularly coveting Winston's outfit—if I ever find the perfect green harlequin jeans, I might have to try out some office cosplay!

First, though, your letters:

Dear Strangers,
Emily and the Strangers has been an excellent series. I can only hope more spooky madness comes from the world of Emily the Strange. Creepy cats, mysterious objects, and humor are just a few of the reasons this is a book to be reread by everyone and for all ages to enjoy. Strange is the new cool.

Daniel Bellay
Fairmont, WV

Looks like I'm ahead of the curve for once, then! Thanks, Daniel—hope you dug #2 every bit as much!

Dear Dark Horse Lords,
Actually . . . can I take that intro back? It makes you seem like some kind of evil version of Rohan. That . . . and I didn't include "Ladies" . . . but . . . that would have made things more confusing about the Rohan thing. So . . . I guess never mind or something.

Anyway, I have a confession. I am bombardically GEEKING OUT over the prospect of having the first edition of Emily (&) the Strange(rs) in my hands. I'm going to hoist it over my head and

make video game noises. I mean . . . the concept alone! Not to mention where it could go! The staff too!

So, I'm psyched. Emily (&) the Strange(rs) seems destined for greatness. I can't wait. Literally. "car engine starts"

Cameron Bingham

Watch out for hop-ons! Full disclosure: Cameron's an old-school friend of the Strange, who saw our call for letters and ran to the rescue. We've edited his missive a wee bit for length, but trust us that the spirit remains intact!

But letters aren't all we've got this week—read on for some rad fan art from Emily's Facebook buds:



And that's all we've got for this one, folks. Stay strange, and rock on—and I'll see you on the home stretch!

Rachel

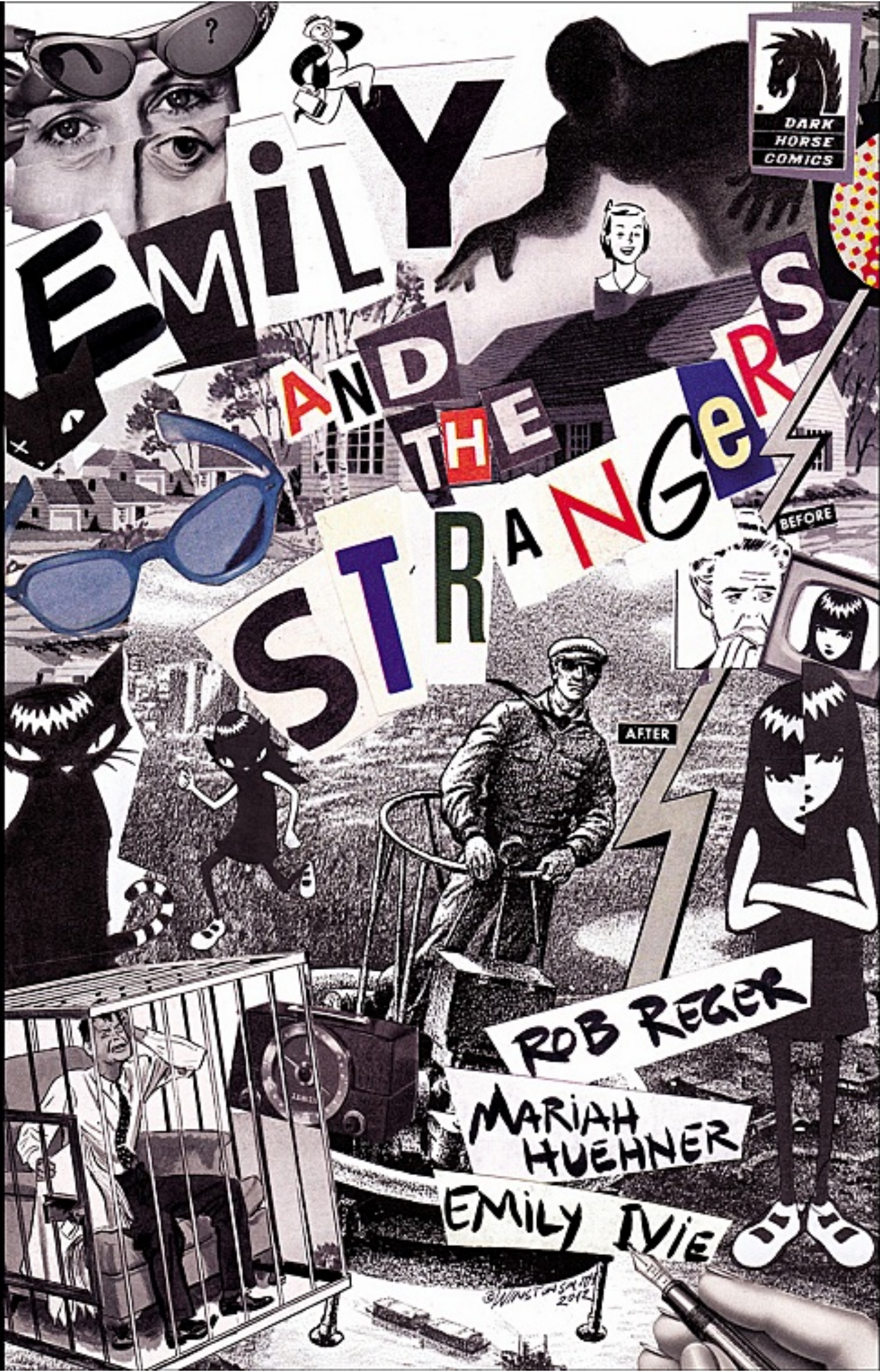
Rachel Edidin, Editor



The battle of the bands and a very STRANGE finale, in
EMILY AND THE STRANGERS #3
ON SALE 3/27/2013

WRITE TO US AT:
strangeexchange
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10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222



ROB REGER

MARIAH HUEHNER

EMILY IVIE

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#3

Emily[®]

AND the Strangers



Rob Reger
Mariah Huehner
Emily Ivie

Emily[®] AND the Strangers[®] #3 of 3



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I'M EMILY THE STRANGE, INVENTOR, CAT WRANGLER, AND TROUBLEMAKIN' ALMOST ROCK STAR.

I ENTERED A RADIO CONTEST TO WIN THE HAUNTED GUITAR OF PROFESSA KRAKEN.

AND I WON, OF COURSE.

THERE WAS A CATCH. TO KEEP THE GUITAR, I HAD TO GET A BAND TOGETHER.

THE FIRST MEMBER WAS EVAN STRANGER. HE'S SORT OF A PRODIGY. IN HIS OWN WAY.

WINSTON AND WILLOW ARE TWINS, AND THAT'S ABOUT WHERE THE SIMILARITIES STOP.

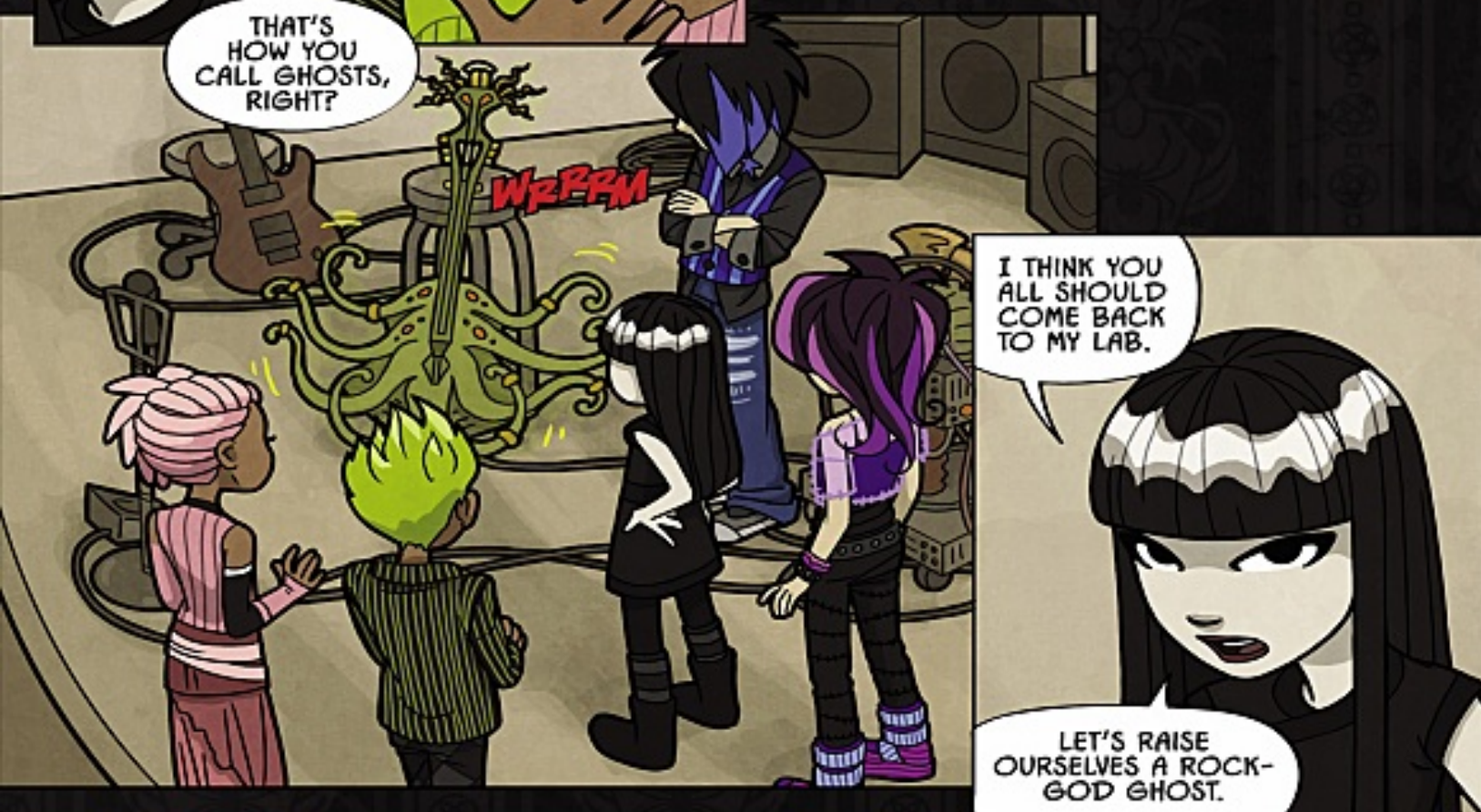
RAVEN IS A GIRLBOT I MADE AWHILE BACK.

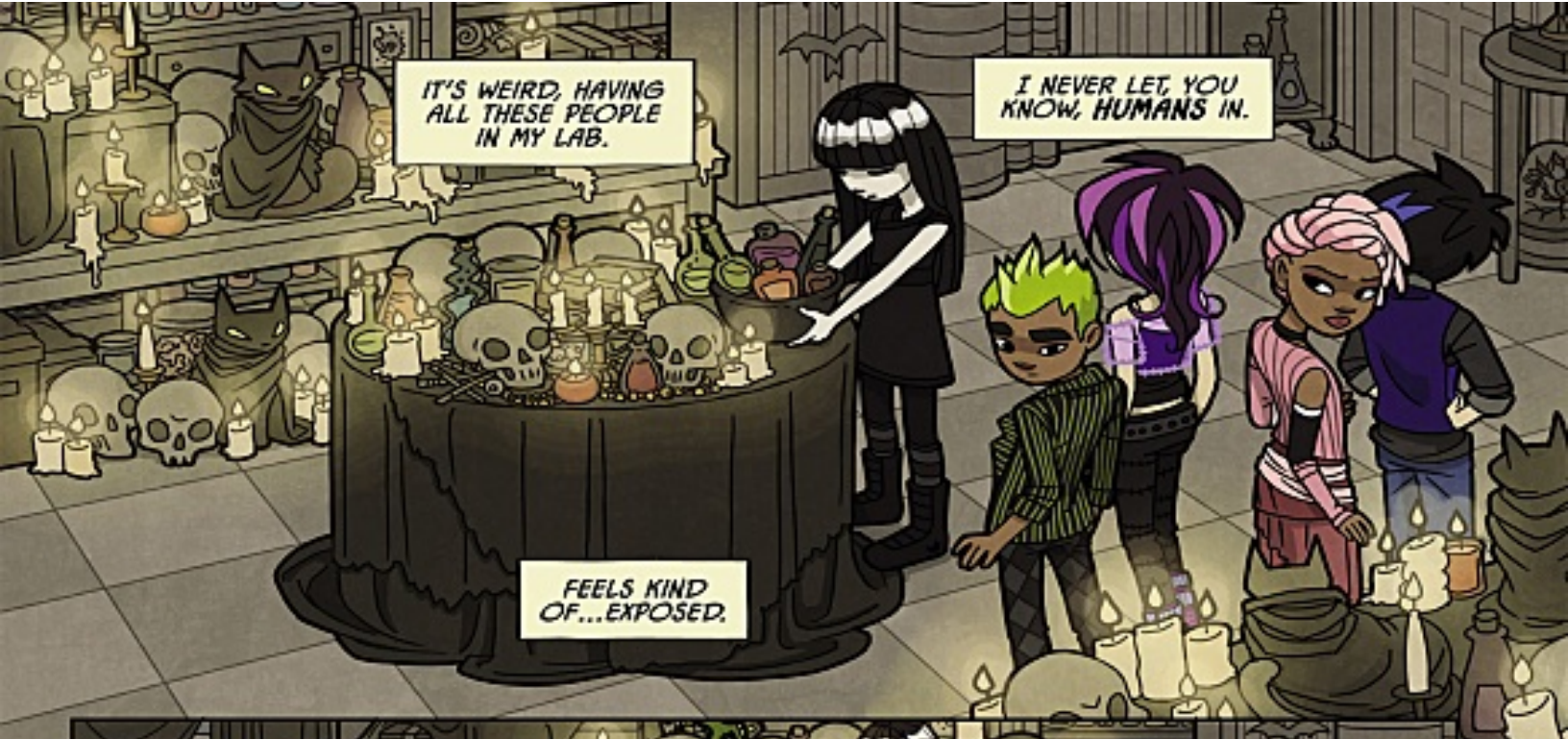
WE ALL JUST CAN'T SEEM TO WORK TOGETHER.

BUT I DON'T WANT TO LOSE THIS GUITAR, SO...

...WILLOW CAME UP WITH A PLAN: TALK TO PROFESSA KRAKEN, WHICH SHOULD BE INTERESTIN', 'CAUSE HE'S DEAD...







HHMMMM

SO. WHAT
DO WE DO,
EXACTLY?

MAYBE WE
SHOULD SING
SOMETHING?

DO WE
NEED A
CRYSTAL
BALL?

WHERE'S
THAT HUMMING
COMING
FROM?

HHMMMM

DON'T BE
STUPID.

THAT'S
WHAT THE
BOOK IS
FOR.

THIS
ISN'T MY
FIRST TIME
DEALIN'
WITH THE
DEARLY
DEPARTED.

I CALL UPON
THE SPIRIT WORLD, THE
DEAD OF NIGHT, AND ALL
THINGS STRANGE AND
UNUSUAL!

IN THIS HOUR
THE DEAD SHALL
RISE AND SPEAK
TO ME--

--I MEAN,
TO US!

I, EMILY
THE STRANGE,
COMMAND
IT!

SHOW
YOURSELF,
PROFESSA
KRAKEN!



OOPS.

ER...

UH-OH.

WELL...

DRAPPLES.

THAT SHOULD'VE WORKED. IT ALWAYS HAS BEFORE!

IT'S OKAY, EMILY. IT'S A SEANCE. MAYBE WE JUST NEED SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE... SEDATE.

YEAH, LIKE A POEM OR SOMETHING.

OR MAYBE JUST, YOU KNOW, HIS NAME.

I THINK WE SHOULD TRY PLAYING THE GUITAR.

SERIOUSLY. WHAT BETTER WAY TO GET THE PROFESSA?

CAN'T HURT.

PROFESSA KRAKEN! WE NEED YOU! IN THE NAME OF ROCK 'N' ROLL!



AND...STILL NOTHING.

WHAT?



OH.

I WAS JUST
CONTEMPLATING
THE RHYTHMS OF
SILENCE...

...WHILE
VISITING THE
OUTER EDGES
OF NOISE AND
SOUND...

...WHEN I
THOUGHT I
HEARD MY
NAME.



YOU
RANG?







SOMETHING TELLS ME IT WASN'T EASY FOR YOU TO SAY THAT.

I'M USED TO DOING THINGS MY WAY.

NO KIDDING...

DUDE, NOT NOW.



MAY I?

UMM...

EMILY!



ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. HERE.

JUST DON'T BREAK IT.



SERIOUSLY?

GOT TO ADMIRE HER 'TUDE.

DO WE?

THANK YOU.



IN MANY WAYS, THIS GUITAR IS ME.

I PLAYED IT, LOVED IT, AND WHEN I DIED, PART OF MY SOUL WENT WITH IT. IT'S BEEN KEEPING ME IN TUNE WITH YOUR LITTLE PROBLEM.

SO LET'S HAVE A LISTEN AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DO.

STHHMM WHAWUUM



AHHHH.

I
THINK...

YES...
I'VE GOT
IT.

THE
TROUBLE IS
THIS...

YOU DON'T
APPRECIATE
YOURSELVES OR
EACH OTHER.

YOU'RE
ALL PARTS OF
A *WHOLE*.



WILLOW,
YOU'VE THE
HEART AND SOUL
OF A TRUE-BLUE
FRIEND.

YOU JUST
NEED TO REMEMBER
YOU DON'T NEED TO
BLEND. LET THEM
HEAR YOU.

RAVEN,
THE BEAT IS
MORE THAN A
PROGRAM--

--IT'S
WHO YOU
ARE.

WINSTON,
YOU'RE BRAVE
AND BOLD. JUST
REMEMBER, MUSIC
IS MORE THAN
NOISE.

LET IT
BREATHE.



FEEL THAT?

YES...

THAT'S THE HEART OF ROCK. IT WILL GUIDE YOU.

IT WILL **MAKE** YOU, AND THEM, SOMETHING MORE.

UNDERSTAND?

SORT OF?

YOU'RE ALL PARTS OF A WHOLE. AND YOU'RE STILL MISSING A PIECE. LET THE MUSIC SHOW YOU WHAT YOU NEED.

THIS IS YOURS NOW.

THANK YOU.

YOU CAN DO IT, EMILY. **TRUST THEM.**

WHOA.

I FELT THAT IN MY CIRCUITS.

NOW WHAT?

BASICALLY, IT'S NOT SOMETHING THAT WE'RE MISSING---

--IT'S SOMEONE.



PROFESSA
KRAKEN TOLD
ME TO LISTEN
TO THE BEAT.
AND I DID.

WE
NEED ONE
MORE MEMBER.
BUT WE'RE NOT
GONNA FIND
THEM.

WE'RE
GONNA **MAKE**
'EM. USING BITS
OF ALL OF
US.

EVERYONE
READY?



THE
PROFESSA'S
FIRST ALBUM.
STILL MINT.

THAT'S
THE LAST BIT,
SOMETHING
WE CAN **ALL**
RELATE TO.



WOOOOOOOOSH





YES! COME IN! YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW HAPPY WE ARE TO SEE YOU!

HOLD ON. HOW DO WE KNOW THE PROFESSA SENT HER? SHE COULD BE ANYONE.

DID WE MAKE HER? OR WAS SHE ALWAYS THERE?

DUDE, DON'T. I'M GETTING A HEADACHE.



IF YOU'RE FOR REAL, YOU NEED TO PROVE IT. WHAT WAS PROFESSA KRAKEN'S FIRST SINGLE OFF HIS FIRST ALBUM, *THE WAY OF ROCK*?

TRICK QUESTION. *THE WAY OF ROCK* WAS HIS FIRST SOLO ALBUM. BEFORE THAT HE WAS BRIEFLY IN THE BAND *TENTACULARITY*, WHICH HAD ONE HIT SINGLE, "A CAT NAMED MONKEY." THEY BROKE UP SOON AFTER, AND THE PROFESSA WENT ON TO DO *THE WAY OF ROCK*. THE FIRST HIT SINGLE OFF *THAT* WAS "CEPHALOPODIC HARMONIC."

IS THAT TRUE?

...YEAH.

WOW. EVEN I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT...

OKAY, SO YOU KNOW THE PROFESSA. BUT CAN YOU ACTUALLY *PLAY* ANYTHING?

LET ME SHOW YOU...

WHERE ARE YOU ACTUALLY FROM?

THE ETHER OF SOUND. THE BEAT CLIFFS. THAT SPACE BETWEEN CHAOS, ORDER, NOISE, AND MUSIC.

I GET AROUND.

WHERE'D YOU GET THAT?

MADE IT.

COOL.

LET'S DO THIS.



HM. I THOUGHT EVERYTHING WOULD BE--

FIXED? AMAZING? ZORKING SPECTACULAR?



WE'VE DONE EVERYTHING THE PROFESSA SAID TO...

CAN I MAKE A SUGGESTION?

I THINK, TO REALLY PLAY TOGETHER, WE NEED TO GIVE OUR INSTRUMENTS A FINAL, EMILYISHLY TWISTED TWEAK.

I CAN DO THAT, BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD ALL PITCH IN, TOO. THEY'RE YOUR INSTRUMENTS, RIGHT?

TIME TO GET WICKED.

EUREKA! BETTER THAN NEW.





HEY,
THIS SOUNDS
AMAZING!

I ALWAYS
WANTED MORE
ARMS!

COOL,
A BOW!

EMILY,
YOU'RE THE
BEST!

SWEET!



ONE...

TWO...
READY?

ROCK!



AT FIRST,
IT ALL
SOUNDED
LIKE
NOISE.

BUT THEN...
SOMETHING...
HAPPENED.

SUDDENLY,
WE WERE
ROCKIN'.



IS IT
ME OR
DID THAT
SOUND
REALLY...
GREAT?

THE BEAT
JUST *HUMMED*,
RIGHT?

I COULD
FEEL THE
MUSIC IN
MY HEAD.

I KNOW!
WE SOUND
LIKE A *REAL*
BAND.

YEAH. IT
TASTED ALL...
BLUE.



I THINK
THIS MIGHT
ACTUALLY
WORK.



ALL THESE COOKIE-CUTTER BANDS--THEY'VE GOT NOTHIN' ON US.

WE CAN TAKE 'EM. I KNOW IT.

SO WHY DO I WANT TO THROW UP?

BATTLE OF THE BANDS
CHECK-IN →



WOW, THEY LOOK SO **GROWN UP**.

I THINK I'VE SEEN THAT GUY ON TV.

THEY'RE ALL TOTAL SELLOUTS.

HEY, LOOK! CATS!

I THINK I FORGOT MY LUCKY DRUMSTICKS.

MAYBE I SHOULD'VE DRESSED UP...

FOCUS, GUYS.

I SHOULD TUNE MY GUITAR AGAIN. I'VE ONLY DONE IT FOUR TIMES TODAY...

HAS ANYONE SEEN MY LUCKY DRAGON EYEBALL?

HERE, KITTY, KITTY...



IT'S JUST, THEY ALL LOOK SO PROFESSIONAL...

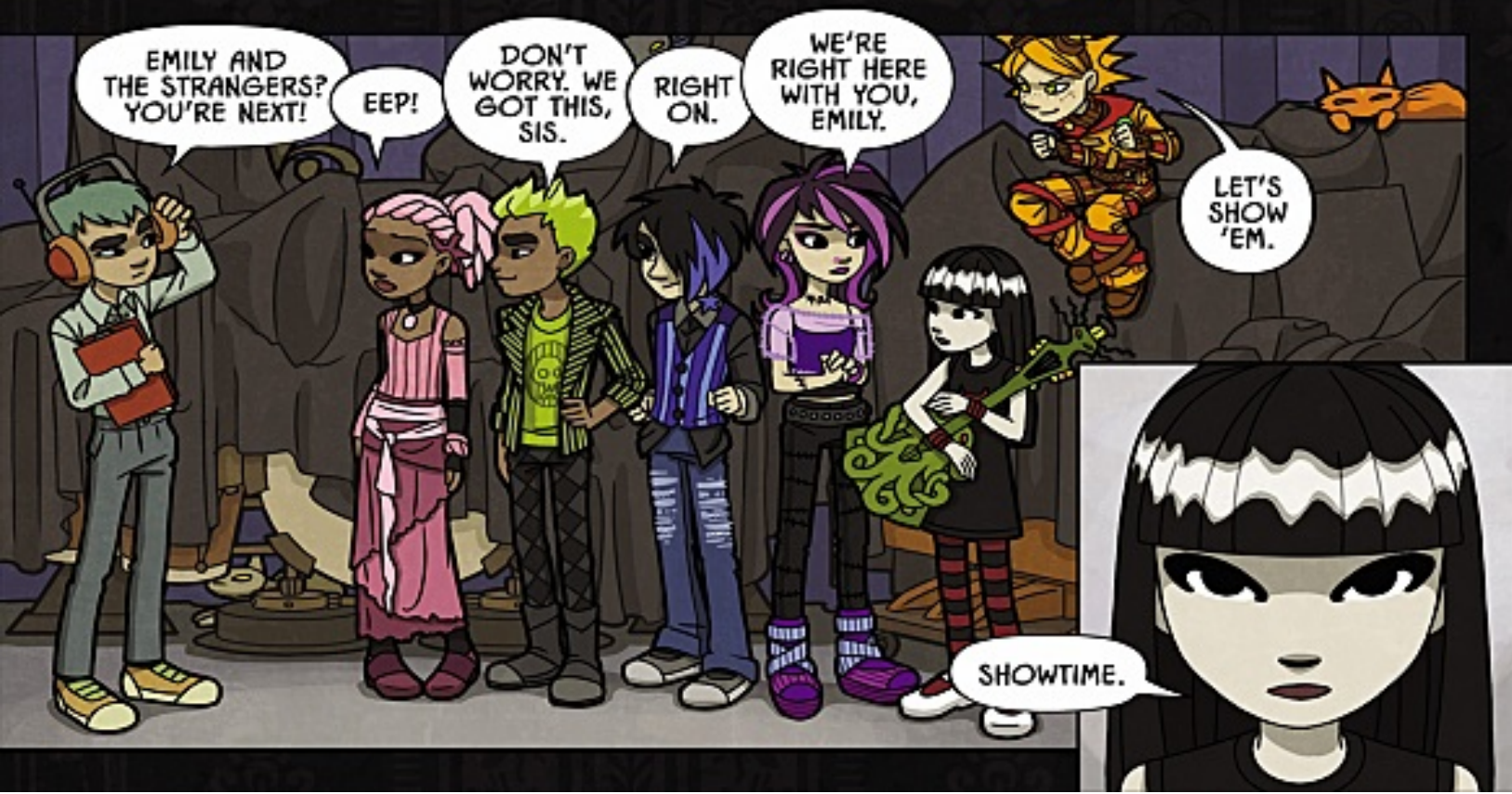
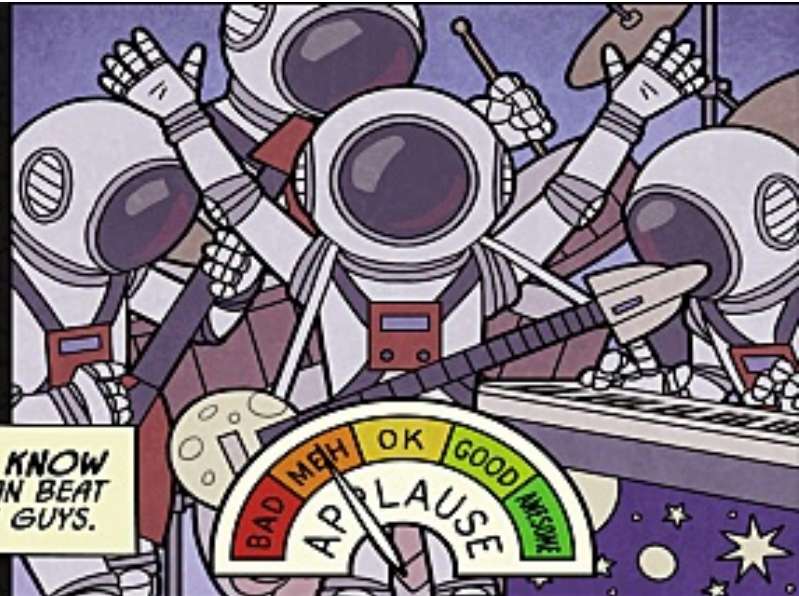
WE **MADE** THIS BAND, TOGETHER.

THEY THINK THEY'VE GOT THIS LOCKED DOWN.

WE'LL SHOW 'EM.



AND NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, WE ARE GOING TO **ROCK** TONIGHT.





IT'S NOW
OR NEVER,
GUYS.

LET'S SHOW
THESE SCUDMUFFINS
HOW TO **REALLY**
ROCK!

♫ CALLING ALL
GUITARS--BRING IN ALL
YOUR FRIENDS--TURNING
OFF THE LIGHTS--THAT'S
HOW IT BEGINS-- ♪

♫ FIRST WE GET
TOGETHER--THEN WE
FALL APART--MIC-CHECK
FEEDBACK--THE SHOW'S
ABOUT TO START-- ♪

♪ I'M ALIVE IN
MY MIND--IN MY
MIND I'M ALIVE--
MY LIFE IS MY
INVENTION-- ♪



STRANGERS! STRANGERS! STRANGERS!



AND
THEN...

♪ IT HAPPENS ALL
THE TIME--IN THIS LIFE
OF MINE--CRAZY MUSIC--
STRANGE IS NOT
A CRIME-- ♪



♪ I'M ALIVE IN
MY MIND--IN MY
MIND I'M ALIVE--
MY LIFE IS MY
INVENTION-- ♪



WE
DID IT.

WE BROUGHT THE
HOUSE DOWN.

STRANGERS! STRANGERS! STRANGERS! STRANGE



WELL! WE
HAVE A CLEAR
WINNER! EMILY
AND THE
STRANGERS!
WOW!

WE JUST
WITNESSED
SOMETHING
AMAZING,
FOLKS.

DUDE, YOU
HAVE NO IDEA.



YOU'VE
DONE MORE
THAN WIN THIS
BATTLE. BECAUSE
THE GRAND PRIZE
IS--A RECORD
CONTRACT!



HOLY
DRAPPLES.

WHAT
DO YOU
GUYS
THINK?
ARE
WE A
TEAM?



ROCK
ON!

ALWAYS!

YEAH!

YOU
BET YOUR
ZORKING
BUTT!

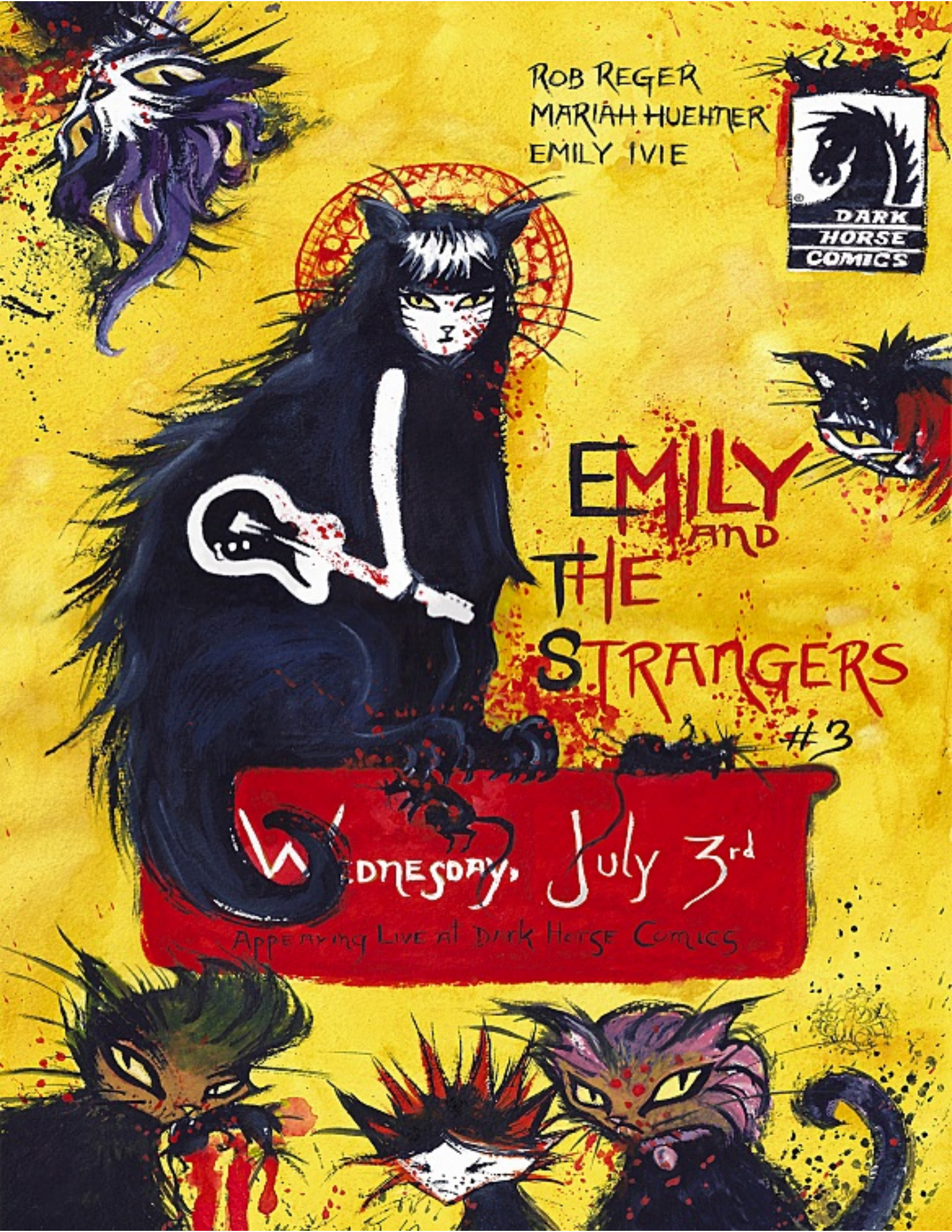
STRANGERS
FOREVER!

RIGHT...



...TIME TO
ROCK THE
WORLD.

The End



ROB REGER
MARIAN HUEHTER
EMILY IVIE



EMILY AND THE STRANGERS

#3

WEDNESDAY, July 3rd

APPEARING LIVE AT DARK HORSE COMICS

THE STRANGE EXCHANGE

So, that's a wrap for Emily and the Strangers! They've bested the battle of the bands and their first full story arc—what a bunch of pros!

I also want to take this chance to offer a huge hand to the other band behind Emily and the Strangers: creative team Rob Reger, Mariah Huehner, Emily Ivie, and Nate Piekos; guest superstar cover artists R. Black, Winston Smith, and Cynthia van Buhler; and, working hard from the wings, assistant editor Jemiah Jefferson, designer Tina Alessi, digital art technician Jason Rickerd, and proofreader Annie Gullion. Some of these guys are seasoned Emily vets; others, newcomers; but if there were a battle of the comic-book bands, I'm pretty sure they'd win by a landslide.

And how could I forget the rockinest letter writers this side of the solar system? Time to sound off, strangers:

Hey Cool Cats!

I saw the preview for Emily and the Strangers #1 over at CBR [comicbookresources.com] a few weeks back. Glad I looked into this book. I immediately fell in love with Emily and her four black cats: Mystery, Miles, NeeChee, and Sabbath! Having just read the first issue I am just totally zorked at how much fun it is! I love the plot/story, characters, and detailed art. Emily's attitude, i.e., it's easier (and more fun) to do everything yourself, is a blast. I got a big laugh out of her comment, "My mind is a terrible thing to waste." Plus, the panels filled with charts, diagrams, musical instruments, cats, mystical knickknacks, and assorted teen clutter are a joy to examine and decipher. I enjoyed the inclusion of the eye-catching concert poster, too. Looking forward to the battle of the bands and how this plays out with Evan in issues #2 and 3. Seeing these two kids together reminds me of the beginnings of Within Temptation. LOL! Congrats to Rob, Mariah, and Ivie on a very cool comic book! I hope we

get to see more of Emily and her cats beyond #3 of this series. Keep up the great work!

Sentry 459

—^—^—

PS: Does Emily listen to Opheth?

While I can neither confirm nor deny Emily's specific musical influences, I will say that I spotted a suspiciously pale fan sneaking a small army of cats into their last all-ages show at the Roseland. Draw your own conclusions.

Dear Strangers,

Usually I don't talk to strangers, but I will make an exception for this comic book. A haunted guitar? That can't end well, can it? Those cats are a menace, always destroying Emily's inventions and probably holding her back from her big break . . . Way to go, cats! A battle of the bands will be a great zorking time; I can't wait to see how the cats will mess it up for all involved. Finally, what was with the runaway van that nearly destroyed Emily's demo?! That guy should totally be more careful!

Daniel Bellay

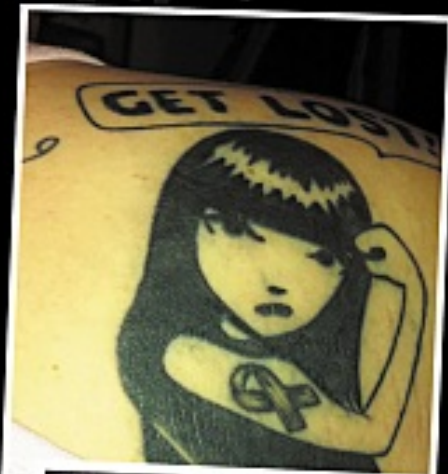
Hi there,

I have absolutely no artistic talent, but I do have two Emily the Strange tattoos that are super awesome, and filled with meaning! The first was to mark my remission from melanoma in 2011. Emily is flexing, with the melanoma ribbon on her arm stating Get Lost! Emily has been a great inspiration for rough times; her darkness makes light when her readers need it the most.

The second personifies my band with my cat—the Emily the Strange best friends artwork. I would not be alive without my cat, literally. She detected my melanoma, and has been by my bedside through every sleepless night.

As I continue to fight this disease, I still find hope through the images of Emily, and find myself smiling when my world is so dark!

Thank you!
Lisa Lunney



Lisa, thanks for sharing your incredible ink—and the story behind it. Much love and best of luck to you and your feline friend!

That's all we've got room for this round, but we'll be back soon—keep watching the news, and, 'til then, see you in the funny pages!

Rachel

Rachel Edidin, Editor

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